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WAITING FOR "THE PRESIDENT."

THE STORY OF A CLEVER YOUNG MAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

Two female figures are quietly threading their way along the streets of a busy, bustling city.

No. 352, 1858.

One of them you would guess to be a matron, though not far past the season of youth. The other is a young girl, apparently about twelve years of age. They seem to observe little of the persons or doings of the crowd by which they are

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surrounded, and to take no interest in aught save the forest of masts, gay with the flags of many nations, that bestud the turbid river towards which they are moving. They are Lucy Allen and her daughter Rosa. It is the 24th of March, and they have been told "The President" is so fine a vessel, that she may make the voyage in a shorter time than others; and so, with the impatience of affection, they are on their way to the pier. Rosa looks frightened, and clings closer to her mother, as they struggle through the crowd, which is hurrying hither and thither, each individual of it seeming to forget, as he runs the race of life, that any one is on the course but himself.

A fortnight earlier, a noble vessel might have been seen leaving her moorings near another and a brighter city in the far west. Blessings and kind wishes are following in her wake; welcomes, hearty welcomes, await her at her destined port. Flags wave over her; music floats around her; hearts, buoyant as the waves on which she rides, beat within her mighty bulk. Sunshine rests upon her, light breezes help to bear her on her way. So closes the first evening; and then rises another morning, renewing hope and happiness and gaiety. The day passes, and again night descends, but rude and stormy. Then comes day in a similar mood; and night follows day, and day follows night, and again the sun shines forth upon a calmer ocean; but where is the noble vessel, with her nobler freight? Alas! gone; "sunk like lead in the mighty waters," leaving not a floating relic to tell the longing hearts at either side of the Atlantic what was the fate of the gallant "President."

Oh! the "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," how many had to experience it!—to wear away under its influence until life became a shadow, and then the shadow itself melted, and was seen no more.

"All * * * the hope, and the fear and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience."

We shall not dwell upon it, but confine ourselves to a rapid glance at the few remaining facts of Lucy's history.

She had, in accordance with her husband's wishes, come to Liverpool with Rosa, and they had established themselves for the time at the private hotel he recommended. She had brought with her the proceeds of the sale at Old Grange, and had set apart a portion of it to pay the passage of the whole family to America, probably in a few weeks more. The remainder was not much, though quite enough to answer every purpose, had the vessel arrived at the time expected. But "The President" came not. It was long before any one had courage to pronounce her lost. No; she had found refuge in the Azores; or, perhaps, driven further north by the gales, she had become entangled in the ice; but summer was coming, and she would soon be free. That she had left New York at the time appointed, had been early ascertained. With such "flattering unctious" people strove to soothe their souls for a time, but the delusion could not last long; and notwithstanding the oft-repeated rumours that a large steam vessel had been seen in such or such a lati-

tude, doubts began to be, first whispered, then more plainly spoken, and looks of suppressed anguish on many a face told that hope was dying out, to be replaced by that fearful suspense, harder to be borne than the worst certainty.

But Lucy refused to believe there was anything worse than delay. This was trying enough in her circumstances; but the hope she cherished made every trial that stood between her and its accomplishment light and easy to be borne. There was one thing, however, that it could not do: it could not prevent the little fund, on which she was living, from becoming daily less and less, until the supply of a week was all that remained. They must leave where they were, and seek a cheaper lodging, and there work for their bread. The passage money she could not touch, for, so soon as "The President" came in, it would be indispensable.

There was a little quiet wharf at a short distance from the busiest part of the river. On this stood a few tall houses, mostly occupied as lodging-houses for seamen. One of these had its gable toward the river, and in the very angle of the roof was a small window, overlooking the whole of the shipping, and giving a distinct view to those within the room of the very entrance of the river, so that no vessel could pass in or out but the watcher must see it. On this place Lucy fixed her heart; it was airy, too, and beyond the densest of the smoke. She found the room unoccupied. It was clean, and the people to whom the house belonged were orderly and kindly disposed, and thither the mother and daughter removed.

The next step to be taken was to try to procure work. This was less easy. They were strangers, and they could only obtain it on hard terms. To procure it on any terms, however, Lucy thought was well; and they took it and worked hard, cheering one another by saying that surely "The President" would come to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow—that to-morrow that never came. Oh! how often the unconscionable widow sat at her little window, with her work in her hand, glancing from it every now and then at the scene beneath her; and if a strange steamer came in sight, her eyes would be strained to watch it, and her heart would throb; and, as it drew nearer, the work would slip from her fingers, and her attention become riveted, until she could measure its bulk or read in its flag from whence it came, when the work would be resumed with a sigh, or perhaps hastily put aside, her cloak and bonnet put on, and she would hurry down to the pier to inquire if the strange vessel had brought any news of "The President."

For months this life wore on. To many the disappearance of "The President" had become an old tale; but to Lucy it was fresh as ever; and the belief that the vessel would yet appear was as strong. She had written to her friends in Australia that she and Rosa were in Liverpool, "waiting for 'The President,' which by some unaccountable circumstance had been delayed." So she deceived herself, and perhaps it was well; it kept her spirits from utterly sinking, and enabled her to endure the fresh blow that was about to descend.

One evening Rosa laid her work aside, and,

resting her head on her mother's bosom, exclaimed, "Mamma, I am so tired."

"Put away your work for to-day, my darling; you work too hard."

"No, mamma, I am not tired of the work; I am tired of waiting for 'The President'; I shall not wait much longer."

"Do you think it will be in soon, Rosa?" her mother inquired, with a startled look.

"I shall not be here when it comes, mamma."

"Not here! what do you mean, Rosa?" And Lucy gazed into her child's face with a terrible earnestness. What saw she in that loving countenance looking up to her so trustingly?—Death? Yes, the conquered enemy was on his way; he was already very near; and as if he felt that he was conquered, he was touching her very gently. Uncomplainingly, almost unconsciously, she had been pining away, and when the aid of a physician was sought, she said she felt nothing but extreme fatigue, and wished for nothing but rest.

A few more weeks wore away; and one evening, as the sun was shining brightly through the little window, she woke from a short sleep. "I am not going to wait any longer for 'The President,' mamma," she said with a sweet smile; "Jesus is coming for me; I am waiting for him now. Oh mamma, only for leaving you, I should be so happy." She paused awhile, and then in a fainter voice said, "Now, mamma, kneel down, please, and pray, and hold my hand, and then I think I shall sleep again; if I wake, I shall know that you are by me, and if I don't wake, you will know that I am with Jesus."

So Lucy knelt and prayed, and shortly Rosa slept; and Lucy, wearied with watching, slept too. The grey dawn was just coming on when she awoke; she was still holding the little hand; but the icy fingers of death had likewise clasped it, and the pulse had ceased. She sprung to her feet; the sweet eyes were closed—the spirit had quitted its house of clay during sleep, and had left a "rapture of repose behind" stamped upon the marble features. Oh! how often she pressed with her own those cold, cold lips before she could realize the truth; at length it burst upon her, and again flinging herself upon her knees, she cried out in bitter anguish, "And now I am alone. Alone! oh, Father, forgive me; I am not alone, for thou art with me."

Rosa was laid in a cemetery not far off; and that very day there came a letter from Australia with remittances to take the mother and daughter to their sympathizing friends, and also to keep them in comfort until they could conveniently come.

"Rosa is gone to a better land," she wrote in reply; "and as for me, I cannot leave Liverpool; I must wait for 'The President.'" She sent back the remittances, saving only what was intended for her use in England. And she lived on as she had done, gazing from her little watchtower, and still hoping, or dreaming that she hoped. Every day she visited the little grave, and watered it with tears; and every day, morning and evening, she walked down to the pier, and scanned the vessels, and occasionally put the question to one of those she met, "Any news of 'The President' yet, sir?" It had become a monomania with her; and the people had become used to the pale, meek counte-

nance that appeared daily in their midst. There were very rough hands, with very tender hearts belonging to them, among these porters and seamen; and the roughest among them, when the question was put to him, would answer, kindly, "Not to-day, mistress; next week, if it please God." And then, as the slight figure turned away, he would brush his sleeve across his eyes, and say, "Heaven help her! she'll never see 'President' nor them that was in it again; but who'd tell her that?"

At length she was pointed out by some of these kind rough ones to a town missionary, who often walked among them. He traced her to her home, and took an early opportunity of visiting her, conversing with her, and offering any help she might need. She thanked him—she should be grateful for his visits, she said, but she wanted nothing; she was only waiting for "The President;" when that came in, she should be very happy. He thought she might be more open to one of her own sex, and mentioned a Christian lady of his acquaintance; would she see her? Oh yes, she should rejoice to see any one who would talk to her of that blessed world where her child had gone, and where she hoped to go herself, in her heavenly Father's time.

Mrs. Benton came the next day. She was one well deserving the Christian name; she had learned the lesson of true sympathy in the school of affliction, and at the foot of the cross. The gentleness and tenderness of her Master's spirit had been largely transferred into her own, and she could from her heart "weep with those that weep." She quickly won the entire confidence of the poor desolate heart: Lucy unfolded to her her whole history, which still farther called out the sympathy of her visitor. But, for a considerable time, that was all the kindness she could show, for Lucy insisted on earning her own bread, until just two years after the disappearance of "The President," when strength utterly failed. Before that time, however, she had put Edward's letters from America into her kind friend's hands; expressing a wish to ascertain, if possible, the character of the man from whom he had purchased the property, in order that, if he had been duped, others might be warned with regard to the same quarter, or that, if the man had dealt honestly, her own suspicions might be removed. Mrs. Benton's brother having friends of the highest character in New York, he immediately wrote over to make inquiries on the subject, and received, in as short a time as possible, the following reply:—

"Dear Sir,—I have received your letter of inquiry respecting a person calling himself Frederick Brunton Landor, professing to be a partner in a great land agency company in the employ of government; I have myself no knowledge of any one of the name, but have been informed, since I heard from you, that such a person did for some years occasionally reside in — Street, with another much older than himself, whom he called his uncle. They passed themselves for Americans, and the younger boasted much of his being so; but it seems to be very uncertain what country has had the honour of giving them birth; here they were strangers, and were supposed to be mere adventurers, living in splendour no one could tell

how, unless it were by making dupes of those whom folly or misfortune threw in their way. Of course you will readily conclude that they had no connection whatever with government, although it is very probable they did profess to have; as I understood, the last known act of theirs here, was the forging of some papers, in the name of government, respecting a pretended tract of land, which they went through the forms of making a sale of, though it had no existence whatever. It appears the gentlemen got a hint from one of the gang that something had got abroad; they have in consequence disappeared, and are not likely to show themselves in this quarter again."

Of this letter Lucy heard a very little. Mrs. Benton was sure it would pain her much to have her suspicions so confirmed; and when she inquired if anything had been heard, her friend tried to turn her attention to something else. This was not difficult, for now the mourner was sinking fast, and, as the images of her earthly troubles became more dim, the glories of her heavenly home became brighter and clearer to her view; she could look back on all her sorrows now, as the needful discipline of love. "Not one too many, not one too many," she repeated, when her beloved sister Etty, who arrived just one week before her death, spoke almost murmuringly of the number of her afflictions. "Oh, Etty," she continued, "I needed it all; I must have needed it, or my Father never would have sent it. And now, this moment—oh, Etty, it seems to make amends for all; to see you, and dear Tom, to die in your arms; there was only one thing more I could have asked—and that was not my Father's will; not mine, but his be done."

There was a little case under her pillow, and she drew it forth and opened it. It contained two miniatures; one was of her father. "I have no right to take this from you, Etty," she said, as she pressed it fondly to her lips, and then handed it to her sister. The other was a likeness of Edward; "but *this*, let it go with me to where I am about to be laid beside Rosa."

That evening she died, and her last words were, "I have WAITED for thy salvation, O Lord."

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

DURING a few of those years which immediately followed the fate of the first Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, there might have been seen in the streets of Paris what in this country would be thought a singular and unaccountable spectacle. This was a man who had literally devoted himself to the acquirement of knowledge. We often talk of devoting ourselves to one pursuit or the other, but we are apt to make use of the phrase without much consideration as to its signification, and generally mean no more by it than that the pursuit in question shall occupy such portion of our time and energies as we can spare. The devotion of the subject of this sketch was of a different character. He lived but for one purpose—that of satisfying his thirst for knowledge; and in the furtherance of this one object he deliberately and systematically sacrificed

all others—thus devoting, in the most rigid sense of the word, all his faculties of mind and body to the one settled purpose of his soul.

This remarkable individual was a Hungarian. He might have been encountered, at the time we speak of, promenading the Boulevards of Paris, during the hours he allotted for exercise, in company and in earnest conversation with one or more of the most celebrated savans of the empire, members of the French Institute, or professors of science. His garb was a coarse flannel dress, without linen and without stockings. A London philosopher would hardly have deigned to be seen in familiar converse with such a beggarly-looking subject as that, in the public streets, whatever he might have done elsewhere; but in France men are more measured by their mind and intellect than they are with us; and men of learning especially pay less regard to externals than we are accustomed to do. The name of the devoted scholar was Mentelle; and though he had not then reached the prime of life, his attainments already surpassed those of most of his contemporaries, and were, further, of a kind characterized by difficulty and complexity. Like many other studious Hungarians, and like M. Kossuth in our day, he had a wonderful faculty for the acquirement of languages. Besides French and Hungarian, he spoke English with the utmost purity, and with more elegance and expression than most Englishmen—without hesitation, and without betraying the accent of a foreigner. He conversed with equal fluency in ancient Greek, in modern Greek, in the Slavonic and Arabic tongues, and also in the Latin, the Italian, and the German; while, to a knowledge of the pure idioms of these latter, he added also a perfect mastery of their several dialects. But his philological acquirements did not end here: he read various other languages without speaking them, and had made considerable progress in the study of Chinese. He used to say that the knowledge of Slavonic and Greek rendered the acquirement of any other language a matter of great facility.

Languages, however, he regarded, in their true light, only as the gates of knowledge, or the keys by which the stores and treasures of the several nations were to be unlocked. Mathematics were his great delight and chief study; and to these he added investigations into almost every branch of interesting science. Although he had no income from any source save his own earnings, and might have derived large gains by teaching, yet he would not teach, unless under the actual pressure of want of bread. Nothing could induce him to give his assistance to more than one pupil, and to him he would only impart a single lesson in the week. For this lesson he charged the moderate sum of three francs (2s. 6d.). This he accounted sufficient for his bodily wants, and was indifferent about earning any more. It was his unvarying custom, when he received his three francs, to lay them out at once in the purchase of a quantity of coarse ammunition bread, sufficient to last him for a week; and he purchased the whole at once, in order that, by growing stale, it might be prevented from digesting too fast in his stomach. A few potatoes and a little oil for his lamp were purchased at the same time. The potatoes he boiled

in a tin can over his lamp, and was accustomed to regard them as a luxury.

This self-denying philosopher paid no rent, because some lover of learning allowed him to live in the summer-house of his garden, where he most probably played the part of a hermit, and added materially to the picturesque proprieties of the spot. On entering his cell, the visitor beheld a handsome man of thirty-four or five, of good figure, with florid complexion, brown hair and eyes, and a majestic flowing beard, which reached to his breast. The small space of the narrow chamber was almost entirely filled with books, in all languages, piled one upon another or scattered on the floor in characteristic confusion. The only articles of furniture were a board upon trestles, which answered the purpose of a table, an old crazy arm-chair, and a huge oblong box, containing blankets. His lamp was manufactured by himself from a rusty piece of tin plate, and hung suspended by a wire from the ceiling, over his primitive table. A tin can and an earthenware pitcher, to contain water, represented his kitchen, cellar, and culinary apparatus. Fire was a luxury in which this singular being did not indulge. When the weather was cold (and the cold of Paris is in winter most intense and searching), he would sit in his arm-chair with his stockingless feet in the box of blankets. At such a season he would patch up his broken windows, and paste out the east wind with fragments of paper, scribbled over on both sides with mathematical diagrams, algebraic formulas and calculations, or compositions in the Greek tongue, which he wrote with unrivalled neatness and beauty of character. He allowed himself but five or six hours, out of the twenty-four, for sleep; and in summer time it was his practice to sleep in his arm-chair. It was only in the cold and severe weather that he laid himself down in the long box among the blankets.

According to his own account, he had pursued this course of life for the best part of twenty years, during which he had travelled all over Europe, and visited all the seats of learning, and had never experienced any ill effects from his hard fare. He confessed that he had no distaste for the luxuries of life—that, in fact, he rather liked them, and would be pleased to enjoy them in a moderate degree; but he could not reconcile it to his conscience to waste precious time in procuring the means of personal and sensuous indulgence, while such vast domains in the field of knowledge remained yet unexplored.

Some members of the French Institute, reverencing the great talents of Mentelle, and anxious to do him a service, sent him presents of clothing suited to the character and circumstances of a gentleman. To oblige them he would wear the fashionable garb for a few days; but he no sooner saw on the stalls or in a bookseller's window a volume that tempted him, than he doffed his glossy garb, and sold it at the first shop for the means of procuring the work he coveted. It was in vain he formed the resolution of preserving a decent appearance—he could not keep it. The temptation of a rare volume was always too powerful for him to withstand, and he could retain nothing on his back but what was worthless in point of money value.

One day when Mentelle, having seen a work which he had long been looking for, offered a shop-keeper a suit of new apparel that had just been sent him by an admirer, the man gave him into custody on suspicion of having stolen them. The philosopher was at once marched off to prison. It did not matter. Here, at any rate, was a new and unexplored field of knowledge unexpectedly opened to him. There was something to be learnt, and he set about learning it; and, being struck by the profound ignorance of some of the prisoners, he spent his time in teaching them to read. There was, however, one drawback to the advantages the prison afforded—it was a place of too luxurious living. He was afraid the prison diet would lead him into indulgent habits. Moreover, he longed to return to his cell and his books. Therefore he wrote to a friend, explaining his case, and, after having been confined a week, was at once liberated. In talking over the matter afterwards, he remarked that, could he have had all his books in a separate cell, the prison would have been a capital place of abode.

As a disputant and reasoner, Mentelle was without a rival; and, whatever side of the question he took, it was said to be impossible to defeat him in argument. He was mild, simple, and childlike in manners, and a stranger, to appearance, to all irascibility and infirmity of temper. He appeared vigorous and healthy; but if he deviated from his spare and abstemious diet, he was sure to suffer for it. On one occasion an Englishman—Captain Oldrey, of the royal navy—who was then the recipient of the one weekly lesson in mathematics—invited him to dinner. Mentelle drank two glasses of wine, which threw him into a fever, and effectually admonished him never to repeat the imprudence. He had long cherished the wish to visit England, and would have done so could he have compassed the means. His estimate was, that he could traverse the whole island, and see everything, at the cost of a hundred and fifty francs (£6), as he could live on bread and water, and sleep on the ground in his cloak. He was deterred, however, from making the experiment, by an English *littérateur*, who assured him that if he set about it in that way, he would be taken up for a worthless vagabond, and treated accordingly—a prophecy which, it is to be feared, might have been verified to the letter.

Mentelle never came to this country. He died before he had completed his fortieth year, and, as he left little of importance behind him, his name and memory have almost disappeared from amongst men.

We have called this eccentric Hungarian a "literary curiosity," and in that light we think he is to be regarded. Though his life appears to have been perfectly harmless, it was also resultless, so far at least as it regarded his fellow-creatures; and therefore we are not justified in holding him up as an example in all respects worthy of imitation. Man does not, and should not, live for himself alone; and least of all should a man who has great talents at command, suffer himself to drift away out of the currents of every-day life and social obligation. We have all our duty to perform, and have no right to shrink from that, under any pretence, however lofty. Far be it from us, however,

to cast a stone at poor Mentelle. If he was in error, it was the error of a noble mind, after all; for his life certainly exhibits an example of devotion and sacrifice, in favour of a single great purpose, which in its intense abnegation stands, so far as we know, without a parallel in literary biography.

THE SKETCHER IN NORTH WALES.

CHAPTER VI.—TO BEDDGELEERT AND ABERGLASLYN.

BEFORE visiting the lions of Carnarvon, we are tempted by the fine sunny weather, and the opportunity presented by the Dolgelly coach, to take a run down to Beddgelert and the Vale of Aberglaslyn. It is not until we have left Carnarvon some few miles in the rear, and are come within the shadow of the mountains, that we meet with anything remarkably picturesque. As we enter the Vale of Bettws, however, the hills begin to close in upon the road, and thence to the village of Bettws Garmon the ride is most charming and varied in view; the village church in the centre of the valley, and the lofty bold masses rising around it, constitute a delightful picture. Fallen fragments of rock, groups of "rollers," and moss-covered stones of angular forms and clad in the decayed cryptogamia of centuries, lie about everywhere along the margin of the road and in the meadows beyond; and among them sparkling rivers and fussy little streamlets are seen leaping and bounding along, flecking the foreground with dancing plumes of snowy foam and making the landscape vocal with the pleasant voice of many waters. About a mile beyond Bettws Garmon, Nant Mill pours its miniature torrents close to the road, and greets us, though we have never seen it before, as with the face of an old and long-familiar friend; for any time these thirty years past we have seen it in portfolios and picture galleries, portrayed from twenty different points of view, and always with delicious effect. This mill is one of the pictorial pets of North Wales, and for nearly a century has had its praises trumpeted far and wide. Burke was enthusiastic in his encomiums, and declared that it combines sublimity with beauty in the highest degree. "Let the finest imagination," he says, "in the world of painting or of poetry tell me if in all the fairy villas which the finest fancy has created, a scene more perfect can be found. The far-famed cataract in the Vale of Tempe has nothing to compare with it." The best views of the mill, as we know from the evidence of numberless drawings, are obtained by quitting the road and crossing the river, but we have not the opportunity of so doing, and are soon rolling onward towards Llyn Cwellyn.

This is a fine lake, romantically, almost savagely picturesque, of a mile and a half in length, and flanking the road to the right along its whole extent. It wears a wild and sombre aspect, for the huge rock-wall of Mynydd Mawr seems to rise almost perpendicularly from the opposite bank to the height of over a thousand feet, and reflects its broad mass in the clear waters beneath; more than that, one giant crag of portentous bulk steps forward from the rest and plants its mighty foot in the calm bosom of the lake, darkly overshadow-

ing it and casting a perpetual gloom over its surface. There is a tradition which assigns this bold and seemingly inaccessible crag as the fortillage of a gigantic and bloodthirsty land pirate named Cidwm, and there are still to be seen on its summit some remains of a fortification, which afford a degree of countenance to the tradition. The lake, which is a mile wide, is a favourite angling locality, being well stocked with trout and a species of red-bellied char; boats are kept on it for the use of the anglers, and as we drive past we see them busy at their silent craft beneath the shadow of the mountain.

When we have coasted the lake for half its length, we pull up for a few minutes at the Snowdon Ranger, a road-side inn about half way to Beddgelert, which serves as a station both for anglers and tourists to Snowdon's summit. We drop a company of anglers from the coach, and also a tourist who is bound for the ascent. Resuming our route, we are soon in the neighbourhood of a rather dreary-looking tarn or pool of some celebrity, called Llyn y Dywarchen, or pool of the sod, so named from its containing a small floating island. Next comes Llyn y Gader, a lake surrounded by vast crags of fallen rock. One of these masses to the right of the road, and as big as an average house, assumes at a distance the shape of a human head and neck; as we draw nearer there is a human profile distinctly defined by the outline of the irregular crag, and just at one point the profile takes the form of William Pitt's well-known face, so unmistakably that few persons fail to recognise the resemblance; and, indeed, lest anybody should be so blind as to miss it, some considerate person has inscribed the rock with the name of that distinguished statesman in letters a foot deep.

From this point the character of the scenery changes rapidly; we enter the windings of Nant Colwyn, where the mountains, gradually drawing nearer and increasing in number, crowd along the margin of the river, which leaps and rushes through the narrow bottom in a charmingly broken and tortuous course, and at length, somewhat moderating its headlong speed, decorously advances into the village of Beddgelert.

Everybody has heard of Beddgelert, and there are few who have not seen a pictorial representation, of some kind or other, of that old two-arched bridge, of the neat cottages that cluster round it on either side, of the dimpled stream that swirls and chafes over its stony bed, and of the broad and self-asserting mountain walls which shut in the hamlet on every side, and seem to watch over and guard it as a precious treasure. "Beddgelert," which signifies "The Grave of Gelert," owes its name to a legend, which in all likelihood is nothing but a legend, and which states that a certain prince returning from the chase was greeted by his dog, who, making his appearance with a bloody mouth, roused his suspicions. The prince rushed to the cradle of his child, and finding it overturned, and the floor smeared with gore, concluded that the dog had devoured the child, and, drawing his sword, slew him on the spot. Too late he discovered that the child was alive and unhurt, while a wolf, slain by the dog, lay dead by its side. With deep sorrow for his rashness, he buried the

dog whom he had slain, and built a tomb over his grave. The dog's name was Gelert, and hence the name of the spot. If the story is a sad one, it is satisfactory to feel that it can hardly be true; princes do not leave their children where wolves can get at them, and owners of wolf-hounds know them better than to suspect them of devouring babies. Still, there is the dog's grave visible to all, and his monument too, in the shape of a very ancient "roller" stuck endways in the grass, overshadowed by some willow trees, and surrounded by a low fence. If you wish to see it, you have only to walk through the garden of the inn (which at our visit we found gorgeous with rhododendrons in full blow and odorous with fragrant flowers), and thence through one grassy meadow to the centre of another, where you will find it.

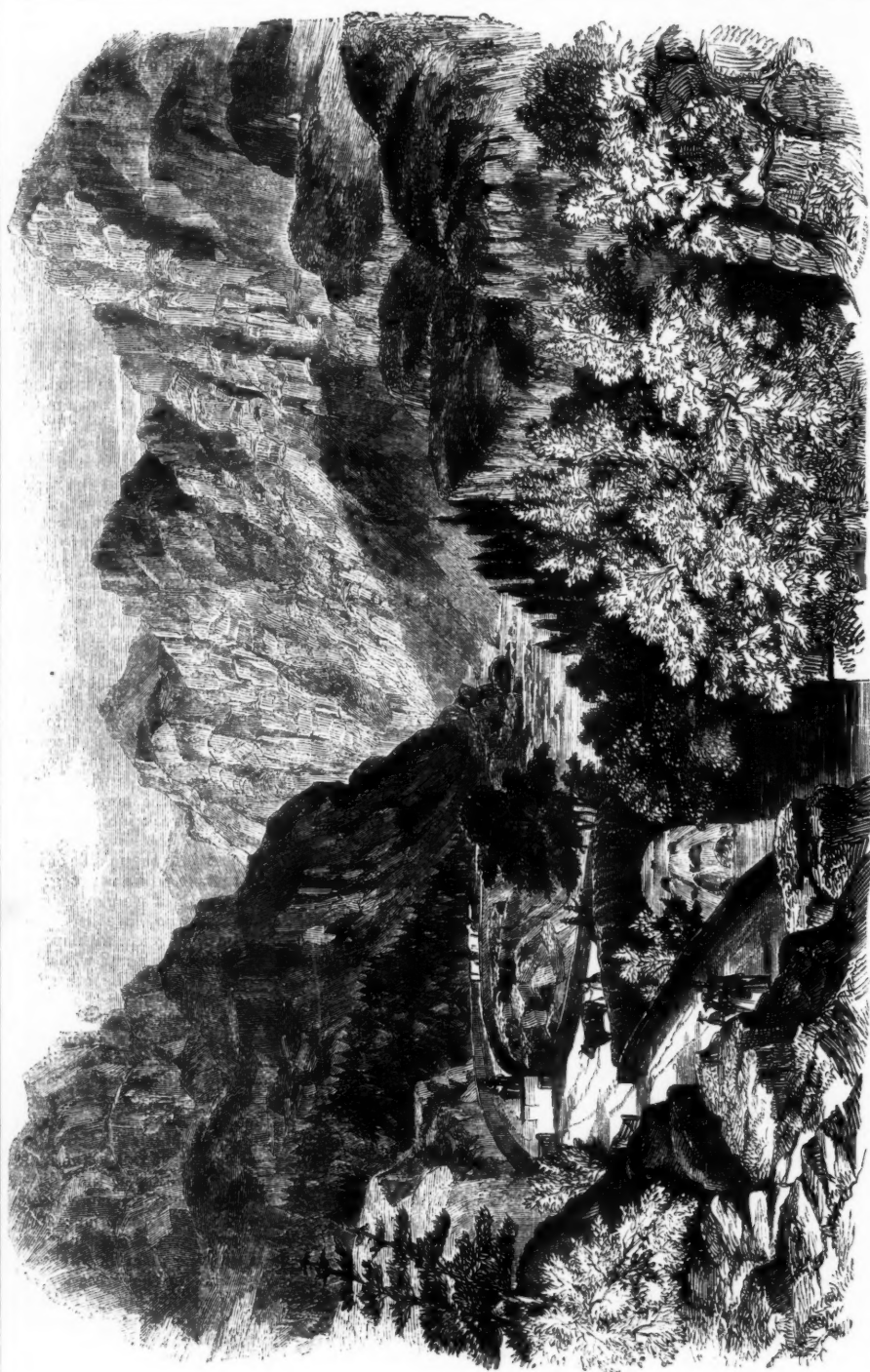
The site of Beddgelert is one of the most delightful in North Wales, and it has the advantage of containing excellent accommodations. Lodgings may be obtained in the village on moderate terms; and the hotel is one of the most commodious, most handsome, and best administered in the whole country. As a consequence, it is generally crowded with visitors during the season. One cause of the popularity of Beddgelert is its central position relative to the other most noteworthy places in the counties of Carnarvon and Merioneth; but there are abundant reasons for preferring this exquisite spot on its own account. It stands on a small level plain at the junction of three valleys, Nant Gwynant, Nant Colwyn, and the Pass of Aberglaslyn. The scenery of each of these vales is beautiful and romantic, though the preference must be decidedly given to the last named. Though the mountains in this pass are not of the most lofty, and would look but dwarfs by the side of the elevated peaks around Snowdon, they are yet exceedingly beautiful and striking in form, are bold, broad, and projecting, and the play of light and shadow upon their sides and bare brows is most picturesque and effective. The streams which flow through Nant Gwynant and Nant Colwyn unite together a little below the bridge of Beddgelert, and thenceforward they take the name of the Glaslyn, which here forms the boundary between Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire. The Glaslyn rushes downwards through the pass amidst a thousand obstructing rocks and shivered crags, shouting manfully as it fights its foamy path among them. For a mile and more the course of the river is one series of furious little cascades and swiftest rapids, only broken at intervals by an eddying pool where the foam-flecked water swirls round playfully for an instant and then dashes once more over the rocks. These rapids, cascades, and little eddies are the delight of the angler, because they are the haunts of the salmon and the trout, who luxuriate in troubled waters.

While strolling at leisure down the Pass, we come upon a stalwart fresh-water fisherman, who has just hooked a fine salmon, and is engaged in the difficult and, to us, insoluble problem of landing him. How is he to get that big fellow out from among the stones and sharp rocks where he keeps leaping and floundering? But the fisherman is an old hand, and cunning at his craft, and is patient, moreover, to the very perfection of that

virtue. The fish is allowed to exhaust his fresh vigour in fierce but useless attempts to get away, and then, before he can recover his scattered energies, he is suddenly speared with a barbed weapon at the end of a pole, and lifted out all but lifeless from that mortal wound, on to the grass. He weighs from eight to ten pounds, but that, we are informed, is nothing: in this insignificant-looking stream, which a man in boots might cross in fifty places dry-skinned, salmon of thirty pounds' weight and upwards are not accounted extraordinary. As for the trout, if we are to judge from appearances, the waters are full of them. It is a warm, rather cloudy, and a breezy day, and we note them rising at the gnats and flies in the pools and eddies, scores at a time.

The bridge, the picturesque Pont Aberglaslyn, crosses the stream at a point where it rushes down a dark rocky ravine, and where the Pass is so narrow that the mountains, which have been treading on one another's toes for the last quarter of a mile, appear to lean forward and greet each other almost within a stone's throw. A more exquisite spot than this neither poet nor painter ever conceived. The bridge itself is nothing; it is but a single arch of roughly-hewn stone, overgrown with ivy, and rising some thirty or forty feet from the water on the lower side; but it is almost buried in masses of embowering foliage, and, high above all, the grey-headed mountains overshadow it, shedding a purple gloom along the banks, and deepening the glare of day to a twilight hue. The river, which, on the upper side of the bridge, plunges beneath the arch with frantic force, emerges on the lower side with a subdued, troublous force, and whirlpooling its way between the overhanging trees, expands lower down into a broad, deep pool, which shallows as the stream runs on, until the water has to ripple its way over a bed of pebbles and shingles, of ample width, but which a child might wade. At the lower end of the pool a little promontory of rock juts out from the land on the opposite side of the river, projecting its bare grey top almost into the middle of its bed. We have a fancy to take post on that grey rock, for two reasons: one is, that we may escape the tribe of juvenile hawkers who have been assailing us all the way from Beddgelert with specimens of ore and rock-crystal for sale, and who will not take "No" for an answer; and the other is, that we may rest after scrambling along the rocky marge of the river, and enjoy the exquisite view. So we cross the bridge, and, leaping the fence to the right, find our way through some delicious little dells, and across a whimpering rivulet, to that rocky point. With some difficulty we succeed in attaining the wished-for perch, and there we sit for the best part of an hour, conning over all the delights of the view. We feel that this is the real "otium," even though it be wanting in the "dignitas," and we give ourselves up to the enjoyment of the hour without an atom of reservation; and the only wish that we are conscious of indulging is one which has been growing upon us lately—namely, that we were not under the necessity of returning to smoky London and filthy Father Thames any more, but could be allowed to prowl about North Wales to the end of the chapter.

We are fancying ourselves monarchs of all we



FONT ABREGIANTIN.

survey, when suddenly a light shadow flits across our knee, and we are almost startled from our perch and into the water by the vision of a nymph of the flood, in the guise of a fair-haired child of ten, who, dripping with water, thrusts a tray of ores and crystals in our face, with the words, "Sixpence, please!"

We are dead against loading our pockets with that sort of rubbish, and decline to deal with the cherry-cheeked apparition, and make her understand that much, in spite of her limited English. But the little Naiad has two strings to her bow: finding the stones will not go down, she pulls from her bosom a pair of lamb's-wool socks, with the words, "Eighteen-pence, please!"

"Who knitted these socks?"

"Me, please," with a curtsy, which almost drops her elbows into the water, in which she is standing all the while.

Having no objection to encourage industry, we bargain for the socks, and deposit them in our pocket; whereupon the amphibious little merchant, gathering up her skirts, dashes into the shallows, and deliberately wades back to the cottage of her mother, who doubtless had marked us down and despatched her on this mission of commerce.

In returning to the bridge, we are struck by some colossal specimens of the foxglove, in their richest array. All through our wanderings in North Wales hitherto, this sturdy king of the hedgerows has accompanied us almost at every step. At Conway, at Llandudno, at Llanrwst, at Bettws-y-Coed, round the steep slopes of Snowdon—everywhere the foxglove shoos up his crimson spire of bells, and challenges admiration; but nowhere have we seen such noble fellows as in these shady, solitary glens below Pont Aberglaslyn; one whom we take the liberty of gauging is taller than any trooper in the guards, shako and all, measuring over seven and a half feet in height, and we are by no means sure that we have selected the tallest in the company. On one strip of ground, about twenty yards in length and three in width, we have numbered over two hundred specimens; and sometimes, while riding along on the coach, we have marked their ranks in the hedgerows almost unbroken for miles together.

On the mountain side, as we walk back to the hotel at Beddgelert, we note a woman with a sickle, cutting down a species of rush, which grows plentifully on the lower slopes of the Welsh mountains, and on the boggy margins of the rivers, and which bears a kind of vegetable silk as white as snow, and far cleaner, purer, and of finer texture than any cotton can be artificially made to appear. This crop, as it waves on the mountain side or the river's brink, has a remarkable appearance, and puzzled us at first not a little. It resembles at a distance large flakes of snow, and, as it nods to the slightest breeze, it has the appearance of snow-drift scudding before the wind. The woman called it "down," and said it was used by the Welsh housewives for stuffing cushions and pillows. It seemed to us more than probable that if the plant were cultivated with a view to profit, the Manchester manufacturers might find a more remunerative use for it.

After enjoying an admirable dinner at the hotel,* at a most reasonable cost, we are not fortunate in securing a place in the coach which passes through on its route to Carnarvon. There is no booking-office at Beddgelert, and tourists who travel thither must take the chance of a vacancy in the coach, and, that failing, have no other alternative but to walk or travel post. You are not sure of mending the matter, either, by waiting: if you cannot book to-day, neither can you book to-morrow. Posting, so far as we are a judge, is not to be reckoned among the delights of Welsh travelling. The Welsh car is inferior to the Irish, rocks and jolts more, and, having the traveller's weight at the side instead of the centre, is apt to hoist him from his seat at every impediment to the course of the wheels. Then the turnpike tolls are exorbitant, and make one wish that Rebecca had effected a more complete reformation in that respect than she did.

It was growing dark ere we reached Snowdon Ranger. Mynydd Mawr frowned blackly over the quiet lake. That grim crag of the giant Cidwm stood out like a black buttress against the cloudy wall; the rock drift along the road assumed fantastic and hideous shapes; and a chill wind wailed drearily along the valley as we pulled up to bait. There we fell in with one of the anglers of the morning, and were but too glad to accept his one and a half hundredweight avoirdupois, as ballast, on the other side of the car, by virtue of which we travelled the remaining part of the journey much more at ease. He had had a good day's sport, he said: had caught twenty-one brace of trout in the lake, and had enjoyed it much. He showed us some of the fish. They were a bright, silvery species, differing altogether in colour from the dark yellow-brown trouts of the Welsh rivers, and, which was far more to the purpose, they were, on the average, more than twice as big. He invited us to sup off the fish he had caught, assuring us that, though he was but a bachelor, we should see them well served. As the acceptance of his proffered hospitality would have involved a walk of a mile and a half at a very late hour, we were compelled to decline it, and bid him farewell. We arrived at Carnarvon before eleven o'clock, after one of the pleasantest days since leaving London.

THE LIGHT-BEARERS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

LIGHT and heat are usually though not invariably combined. The great centre of our planetary system is at once the source of both: its quickening beams of heat renew the face of the earth and clothe it with smiling beauty; his gladdening rays of light reveal to us each fair and wondrous lineament. And in all our attempts to obtain artificial light we equally elicit heat. But if we regard the operations of nature, we shall meet with some exceptions to the rule.

* At a time when there are so many complaints about hotels and hotel charges, it is only fair to confirm our correspondent's estimate of the merits of this hotel—"The Goat." It has one of the finest public rooms in the Principality, and we found excellent accommodation at reasonable rates.—EDIT.

Light is frequently evolved by spontaneous action, at common temperatures, from dead and decomposing vegetable and animal substances. Hence the phenomena of the *ignis fatuus*, which the extension of drainage is rendering progressively more rare; hence the phosphorescence of fish, when in a state of incipient decay; and hence the mysterious appearances that occasionally haunt dissecting-rooms, or flicker over churchyards—the corpse candles of the Welsh.

A subject, however, of far more interest is to study the development of light, in connection with the existence of life, and as a result of its laws and operations. It may be briefly remarked that certain flowers have been observed, on warm summer evenings, to disengage brilliant sparks, especially those of an orange colour, as the marigold; and that many cryptogamic plants are luminous in warm and moist localities; but the facts recorded are not sufficient to establish any theory. We would also advert to the very beautiful and well-known spectacle of the phosphoric sea, which in these days of emigration and adventure is becoming so familiar an object, and which depends on the light-emitting properties of the humbler creatures that inhabit the deep. Some species of land mollusca are luminous, and so are some annelida and centipedes. But the best examples of the evolution of light are derived from insects—a class of beings whose immense variety, beauty, and utility, whose complex structure and marvellous changes of state and shape, present so much to contemplate and admire. Three distinct families of insects will furnish materials for notice; the first belonging to the order Hemiptera, the two last to the Coleoptera or beetles.

First, the *Fulgora* or lantern-flies. The great lantern-fly, or *Fulgora laternaria*, is a native of Guiana. In this insect the luminous matter resides in an elongated projection from the head, which forms a snout or rostrum. From this organ, or lantern, which is hollow, and communicates freely with the external air by means of a narrow aperture on either side of its root, light of considerable brilliancy is evolved. Some naturalists, not having observed it themselves, have doubted the luminosity of the fulgoræ, but it may be that the property is confined to one sex, and exhibited during only a portion of the year. Madame Merian, who wrote on the insects of Surinam, establishes by her personal experience the phosphorescence of the fulgoræ. She caught several of them during the day, when they emit no light, and, ignorant of their possessing this property, she put them into a box which was laid on her bedroom table. In the middle of the night the captives, awaking from their diurnal repose, began to buzz about, with vigorous but ineffectual efforts to escape. The noise disturbed Madame Merian, who got up to release her prisoners. Her surprise was great at finding the box, as she thought, filled with sparks of fire, and, letting it in her fright fall to the ground, the insects rushed about the room like so many moving candles. She states that two of these living lights enabled her to read the smallest print. It is said that a few, when fastened together, are made to supply the place of torches, and serve amid the darkness of night to guide the traveller's footsteps. The *Fulgora candelaria*, a

species of inferior size, is found in India and China, but in Europe the family is unknown. We cannot dismiss these insects without recalling a beautiful illustration they have afforded to Coleridge. "Across the night of paganism, philosophy flitted on like the lantern-fly of the tropics, a light to itself, and an ornament; but, alas! no more than an ornament of the surrounding darkness."

Secondly, the *Elateride*, or fireflies. This family contains about thirty luminous species. The most remarkable, called *Elater noctilucus*, is widely distributed over the intertropical regions of South America and the West India Islands. When it walks or is at rest, its light proceeds from two oval whitish tubercles, one on each side of the anterior part of the thorax; but when the wings are expanded in the act of flight, another luminous patch is disclosed on the under surface of the hinder part of the thorax. Both sexes are equally phosphorescent. The luminosity of these insects is so great, that in the countries where they abound it is often applied to purposes of domestic economy. A single insect will enable the smallest written or printed characters to be deciphered, and the aggregate light of several will suffice for the ordinary evening occupations of an Indian's dwelling. The Indians are said to have formerly used them instead of flambeaux in their hunting and fishing expeditions; and when travelling in the night they were accustomed to fasten them to their feet and hands. At the Havannah they are collected and sold for ornamenting the ladies' head-dresses at evening parties; and, confined under gauze which covers the head, they glitter amid the dark tresses of the hair. On festival nights they are gathered in great numbers, and tied on the garments of the young people, who gallop through the streets on horses similarly adorned. Lovers display their gallantry by decking their favourites with these living gems. When Night has enveloped in her shades the dense foliage of intertropical forests, the fireflies become most beautiful and conspicuous objects. As such they are described by Southey in "Madoc":—

"Sorrowing, we beheld

The night come on; but soon did night display
More wonders than it veiled, in numerous tribes
From the wood cover swarmed, and darkness made
Their beauties visible; one while they streamed
A bright blue radiance upon flowers that closed
Their gorgeous colours from the eye of day;
Now motionless and dark, eluded search,
Self-shrouded; and anon, starring the sky,
Rose like a shower of fire."

It is said that when Sir Thomas Cavendish and Sir Robert Dudley first landed in the West Indies, and saw in the woods a number of moving lights, which were nothing but these insects, they thought the Spaniards were advancing on them, and retreated to their ships.

Thirdly, the *Lampyridæ*, or glow-worms. This family contains about two hundred species, which are most abundant in tropical countries, especially South America, but occur also in Europe. One species, the *Lampyris noctiluca*, abounds in our own country. Our common glow-worm, which resembles a caterpillar, is in fact the wingless female of a beetle. The light proceeds from the under surface of the terminal rings of the abdomen, particularly from two whitish spots on the last ring.

The male insects also give light, but a much less vivid one; and it exists feebly in the eggs, larva, and chrysalis. The luminous matter, which consists of little granules, is contained in minute sacs covered with a transparent horny lid. If the access of air to these sacs be prevented, the light ceases; but in all active movements of the animal's body, requiring energetic respiration, the light is increased in brilliancy. An accomplished naturalist informs us: "I found the glow-worm to emit the most brilliant flashes when irritated; in the intervals the abdominal rings were obscured. The flash was almost co-instantaneous in the two rings, but first just perceptible in the anterior one. The shining matter was fluid and very adhesive; little spots, where the skin had been torn, continued bright with a slight scintillation, whilst the uninjured parts were obscured. When the insect was decapitated, the rings remained uninterruptedly bright, but not so brilliant as before. Local irritation with a needle always increased the vividness of the light. The rings in one instance retained their luminous property nearly twenty-four hours after the death of the insect. It would hence appear that the animal has only the power of concealing or extinguishing the light for short intervals, and that at other times the display is involuntary. The larvæ of the *Lampyrus* were found to possess but feeble luminous powers; very differently from their parents, on the slightest touch they feigned death and ceased to shine, nor did irritation excite any fresh display. The light of the elater is also rendered more brilliant by irritation. It is remarkable that in all the glow-worms, shining elaters, and various marine animals which I have observed, the light has been of a well marked green colour."

One of the most interesting species of glow-worms is the *Lampyrus Italica*, or *Luciola*, which is very abundant throughout the South of Europe, particularly in Italy. Its ordinary length does not exceed the third of an inch, and, unlike the British glow-worm, both sexes are provided with wings. When the insect perches or creeps, little light is perceptible, but it becomes obscured as soon as the wing-cases are opened for flight. It is not constant, but has a scintillating appearance, recurring every other instant, as if disclosed by the opening of the wings at each successive expansion. When the insect is laid upon its back, a position from which it cannot easily recover itself, the light is steady and unvarying. It is of considerable intensity in a single insect, but when three or four are brought together, it is sufficient to render the smallest objects around quite visible. It is apparent in the twilight, but not fully displayed till the darkness is confirmed. It then presents a spectacle of great beauty, for the insects are so numerous and active that they illuminate the air in all directions, and spangle every shrub with countless radiant points. Sir James Edward Smith relates an anecdote of some Moorish women of rank taken prisoners by the Genoese, and detained for a ransom. A party going to see them one summer's evening after a hot day, were surprised to find all their doors and windows closely shut, and themselves in the utmost terror and distress. They had conceived an idea that these luminous flies were the disturbed souls of their

relatives. The common people of Genoa, too, suppose them to be of a spiritual nature, arisen from the graves, and consequently behold them with abhorrence.

This evolution of light has been referred to a variety of causes. It is most commonly attributed to the slow combustion of some compound of phosphorus secreted by the insects, and entering into combination with the oxygen supplied in respiration. Carradori and Brugnatielli, two Italian observers, having found that the luminous part of the glow-worm shone in vacuo, in oil, and in water, when the presence of oxygen was precluded, ascribed the property in question to the imbibition of light separated from food or air, and afterwards secreted in a sensible form. Other naturalists, on the grounds that the light of a glow-worm is not diminished by immersion in water, or increased by the application of heat, that the substance affording it cannot be ignited, and produces no elevation of the thermometer, reject these hypotheses without being able to explain the phenomenon. The provision itself may be a means of defence against enemies, by alarming them or distracting their attention; though it will also point its possessor out to nocturnal birds in search of prey. In the lantern-flies it may serve as a guide for themselves through the darkness and dangers of the night. In the glow-worms it is most probably intended to conduct the sexes to each other, and hence it has classically been compared to the torch of Hero, with which she led Leander to her embrace. The control these insects have over its exhibition is evidently with a wise design; for if it attracted enemies as well, or in preference to friends, that which was given for the purpose of preservation and continuance would only serve for their destruction.

A poetical *resumé* of the whole series of facts to which we have alluded may be found in Dr. Darwin's "Botanic Garden." He thus apostrophizes the nymphs of fire:—

"Warm on her mossy couch, the radiant worm
Guard from cold dews her love-illumined form,
From leaf to leaf conduct the virgin light,
Star of the earth, and diamond of the night.

You with light gas the lamps nocturnal feed,
Which dance and glimmer o'er the marshy mead;
Shine round *Calendula** at twilight hours,
And tip with silver all the saffron flowers.

You bid in air the tropic beetle burn,
And fill with golden flame his winged urn;
Or gild the surge with insect sparks, that swarm
Round the bright oar, the kindling prow alarm."

Phosphorescence is not met with among animals of a higher order.

THE NEGRO CREW.

OUR brig left the sickly shores of Africa on a mid-summer's afternoon. It was the rainy season, and though the sun shone upon our departure through a sky of dazzling blue, yet rain had been pouring down in torrents during the forenoon. Our vessel seemed to be in a dilapidated condition, albeit she

* The marigold.

had left England in good repair. She had been up the river for wood, and was much battered about whilst taking in a cargo of African teak and mahogany, for the lading of which there were no proper conveniences in such an outlandish part of the world. These species of wood are of greater specific gravity than water, in which they sink like a piece of lead, so that the brig was very heavily laden. The shipping of the cargo, and the intense heat of a tropical sun, had peeled the paint off the ship's side, and given her a most ungainly appearance; but she was water-tight, which is not always the case with vessels leaving this fiery region in the *dry season*. If proper attention be not then paid to wetting the deck and sides, the solar beams open their planks and burn up the caulking, so that they have sometimes been in danger of foundering on their voyage homeward. We were detained in the river by matters concerning the crew, most of whom were sick, and some were obliged to be left behind. There were, therefore, few white hands fit for working, and the authorities required the captain to take several black sailors, more, indeed, than he was willing to employ.

As we were leaving port, two additional seamen were put on board as passengers to England. They belonged to a schooner, which had been recently wrecked on the African coast. The crew of this ill-fated vessel had sailed in good health, with the usual bright anticipations of soon reaching their native land, but they were detained on the sultry coast by calms and baffling winds. Unable to get out to sea, and oppressed with the sickly atmosphere which reached them from the shore, they had fallen victims, one by one, to the African fever. Two only remained alive, and they were in a weak condition, so that, being unable to manage the vessel, it drifted ashore, became a wreck, and was plundered by the natives, who nevertheless assisted the survivors of the crew to reach the nearest British settlement, whence they were forwarded homeward by the government. The feelings of these poor fellows may be better imagined than described when they saw their shipmates daily dying off, and at last found themselves alone, drifting about on a lee-shore, without the possibility of helping themselves. Morning after morning they had mustered up courage to throw the dead body of a friend into the sea, and turned away in disgust from the sight of the greedy sharks contending for their prey. Morning after morning the same tropical sun poured his vertical rays upon them, as their ship lay helpless like a log upon the waters, and the sultry vitiated atmosphere dried up body and soul, and warned them of a coming doom. But the breeze which drove their vessel upon the breakers saved them from destruction. They then seemed so depressed in spirits, that one would have thought they would never go to sea again; but such is the elasticity of the human mind, that it soon rises above its distresses, and again braves similar dangers to those in which it had well-nigh sunk.

We almost feared that we should meet with the same fate as the crew of the schooner, and that the two rescued ones would experience a second tragedy. Our brig was too unwieldy to make any headway by tacking against the light sea-breeze which usually

blows in the daytime; and the nightly land-breeze was very faint indeed. However, we gained a few miles before morning. It was then that I first knew the whole of our perilous circumstances. The captain came to consult me about two of the men who were "down again." The African fever first assails the body in a violent form; but if this "hot stage" can be broken, it becomes intermittent, and is more manageable, the only danger then being that of a relapse. When an early intermission can be obtained, the disease is quickly conquered by quinine (which is our sheet-anchor in West Africa), especially if aided by wine and good nursing. These men had come on board from the hospital, being convalescent, and they ought to have remained quiet till fairly out at sea; but having wrought with the others in getting the brig under weigh, eaten heartily of sailor's fare, and slept in a close cabin on a suffocating night, they were now likely to have a severe relapse, being already in a burning fever. The first prescription was "five and fifteen," with plenty of hot gruel. Every sailor knows what is meant by "five and fifteen;" but lest any landsman should be curious in such matters, we may inform him that it implies five grains of calomel and fifteen of jalap, a dose of no small potency. These means had their desired effect, and by next morning the fever was "broken."

All day we were stationary on the water, panting under cover of an awning. After another oppressive night, I rose with daylight, and, huddling on some clothes, went on deck to see what progress had been made during the night. The low shore of Africa still loomed astern, and we seemed destined never to leave the "white man's grave." Whilst brooding upon it with some melancholy, the captain came up, saying, "Another hand down!" and, putting on a long face, he informed me that his medicine chest was very low, as he had been unable to get the bottles replenished in Africa. I believe that he had never tried, or that he grudged the expense; for the authorities would never have sent him away, or even allowed him to depart, at such a season and with a sickly crew, without sufficient medicine. But he was a regular niggard. Fortunately for us all, this part of his imprudence was of no evil consequence, as I had a good supply of physic, and a quantity of wine had been put on board for my use, being the only cabin passenger. Under these circumstances I forthwith took charge of the sick, having had some practical experience of African fever. That morning, to our great joy, a spent tornado helped us seaward, and in a few days we reached the Cape Verde Islands. This is the point aimed at by vessels leaving that part of Africa, for here they fall in with the trade wind. Our brig was now like an hospital; and if it had not been for the blacks, there would not have been hands enough to trim the sails. But these sable fellows, whom I directed the captain to feed well, wrought incessantly and with the utmost good humour, and a stout negro lad, in my own service, lent a helping hand.

The sun was setting gloriously in a cloudless sky whilst we leaned over the bulwarks, gazing upon the first of the Cape Verde Islands. We did so with intense interest, wondering if the flapping

sails would enable us to clear the point, or if we should be condemned to spend another night in the same oppressive atmosphere. The point was at length gained, and, as we saw the ocean on the other side of the land, we suddenly caught a whiff of the open sea breeze. It was as life to the dead. I stood inhaling the pure breath of heaven, which I had not tasted for a long time, and felt it to be like a zephyr from Paradise; for though during the larger part of the year the air in Western Africa is dry, yet it has then a very sultry feeling. It appears to be always either devoid of moisture, or soaked with it—either roasting or stewing. The continent of Africa is so vast, that its atmosphere is felt two or three hundred miles out at sea. Quantities of fine sand have fallen upon vessels two hundred miles from the coast; and during the rainy season ships' crews have been seized with fever without having landed. Seamen do not consider themselves in a healthful latitude till they have passed to the westward of Cape Verde Islands, where they catch the trade wind. This wind obliges them to steer northward, usually till they reach the western isles, nearly half way between England and America, where they fall in with westerly breezes. Sailing in the trade wind is delicious, so steady is the vessel, so pure the atmosphere, so bright the heavens; and at night the deep blue sea sparkles with fire, from countless millions of phosphorescent animalcules. In one night after this change, the invalid crew became convalescent, and in a few days they all recovered. So steady is the trade wind, that the sails did not require to be shifted for many days, and the men had plenty of time to recruit their strength, being only engaged in mending the gear of the vessel.

The negro sailors had now their holiday. The captain had many disputes with me concerning their character, for he was a selfish and prejudiced fellow; and though he had some good samples of the African race before his eyes, sufficient to controvert all his arguments against them, yet still he persisted in abusing this unfortunate people.

"I tell you," he exclaimed, "they are all cheats and rogues."

Upon being asked if he had ever tried to make them better, he acknowledged that he had not.

"Well, suppose they were all to follow your example," said I, putting some emphasis upon the word *your*, "and that of the whites who go up the rivers for wood and ivory, would they be any better than they are?"

He hesitatingly confessed that the example of many Europeans would not improve the negroes.

"I tell you what, captain, these poor blacks have learned the white man's tricks and vices, and now you cannot cheat them so easily as you used to do, for they pay you back in your own coin; and so you are inconsistent enough to abuse them because they are ready learners of your own roguery."

Guessing that I might have heard something about his own ways and doings, he thought it most prudent to make no reply, except by a shrug of the shoulders.

The conduct of our negroes on board told greatly in favour of their race, and even the captain sometimes relented in his anathemas, and even praised their fidelity. Though he often ban-

tered my black servant, and teased him in every possible way, the lad was always ready to lend a hand at the ropes or capstan, even without being solicited.

"That lad would risk his life for mine, captain, and you could not say this of all your countrymen."

"Would he?" replied he, doubtfully.

"Yes, in truth. Jack, come here. Suppose I were to fall into the water, would you jump in and pull me out?"

"Master, I would try," was the ready answer.

The captain seemed thoughtful, and, as he gazed upon the strong frame and sparkling eyes of the swarthy youth, he almost seemed to feel the force of the sentiment, "O virtue, how amiable thou art!"

"It reminds me," said he, "of the negro crew and their melancholy voyage, which occurred some years ago. One of the very men is now on board this vessel—that blacky at the foremast. Come here, Joe."

Joe ran to know what was wanted.

"Tell this gentleman about your first voyage to England."

Joe blushed through his black skin, and tried to begin, but hesitated, and could not find English words ready enough for the narrative. But from the captain and man I gathered the following account:—

Joe was one of several negroes put on board an English vessel, under circumstances similar to those in which we had sailed. They were raw sailors, having only been accustomed to navigate small craft up the river or along the coast. They could pull a rope, and hoist or reef a sail, and they understood enough of English to obey such instructions—and little more. Some of them had learned to read the compass, and to steer the vessel by it, according to orders. One only could take any management of the ship's tackling.

It was the first time that Joe had gone out to sea, and seen the wonders of the mighty deep. The voyage was a most melancholy one. Through calms and contrary winds, the vessel could not get away from the fatal coast of Western Africa. The white sailors sickened, one after another, and died. The mate soon perished; and as they at length proceeded on their voyage, the crew diminished until the captain and negroes alone survived. The former had spent himself with superintending the vessel, and tending his sick comrades; and having caught the fever from some of his dying crew, he was unable to rally. Daily sinking under the disease, he felt that he must soon die. It was well for the negroes that he retained his mental faculties to the last, and could still instruct them how to guide the ship. But his final hour was approaching. He then called around him the disconsolate crew, and addressed them with tears.

"I must soon die. My poor fellows! I am very sorry to leave you alone in the middle of the sea, as you don't know how to sail to England. But it can't be helped. Steer the vessel north for days, and then east, by compass, and that will bring you somewhere near England. You will probably meet some ship coming out: then hoist the union-jack upside down as a signal of distress: they will board you, and take you into some port.

And may God Almighty preserve and bless you, poor fellows!" After bidding each a long farewell, the captain retained the best-informed of the negroes, and gave him his keys and the ship's papers. "And there is a box of gold-dust which belongs to the owners: you will give it to them; and here is a bag of dollars, which belongs to myself: if ever you get to England, you will give it to my wife!" "Yes, massa," replied the sailor, "me gib him with me own hands. God bless massa!"

What strange thoughts at that moment possessed the heart of the gallant captain! The negroes—the ship in mid-ocean without a pilot—his own home and family in England—his grave in the sea—and the wide expanse of eternity on which he was launching! What thrilling subjects for a dying hour! He breathed his last, and was entombed, as he had directed, in the watery abyss.

When the negro-crew had performed the last sad office for their gallant master, they felt themselves alone indeed. The prospect before them was cloudy and cheerless. But they had health and strength, and they could keep the vessel a-going. They steered in the direction that had been pointed out to them, and day after day strained their eyes, looking out for an unknown land, or for a strange sail to heave in sight. At last, to their great joy, a vessel was discerned in the distance. They bore down upon it, hoisted the signal of distress, and made all other signs possible to attract attention. Providence had directed them aright. They were near England, and the vessel which they saw had come out of one of the southern ports, and now approached and hailed them, in answer to their signals. "What's the matter? What do you want?" The blacks shouted, "We for Massa Fossa, Lonnon! we for Massa Fossa, Lonnon! which way we go?"

The English could not understand them, but soon perceived that there were none but negroes on board a British vessel. "None but blacks! unable to speak English! Who were they? Were they pirates, who had killed the crew and seized the ship?" Still the negroes shouted, "We for Massa Fossa, Lonnon!" They were boarded, and the logbook and ship's letters soon disclosed the real state of things. A mate was left on board to take them into the nearest port. Here the same astonishment was excited; and, after quarantine had been performed, the vessel was thronged by curious persons, who came to see the black crew, and hear their strange jargon. A gentleman soon came down from the owners in London, to take possession of the ship and its valuable cargo, and bring it up the Thames.

The negro to whom the captain had given his dying orders then produced everything committed to his care. He gave the box of gold-dust *untouched*, and then mentioned the bag of dollars. "Give them to me," said the gentleman, "and I shall hand them over to the captain's widow." "No," said the faithful negro; "when Massa Captain die, he told me gib 'em to him wife, and me gib em to no one else." When, therefore, they reached London, the widow was sent for, and she received the bag of money, and everything else that had belonged to her husband, with the account of his death (as well as they could give it), and his last message of love to her.

"Well, captain!" said I, when the narrative was ended, "how many *white* sailors would you trust with a box of gold, a bag of silver, plenty of good clothes and other traps, and hope that they would be honestly delivered without having been fingered?"

Finding that I had again caught him with a fact in favour of the negro character, he turned away with an angry smile, and called his monkey to play with.

A MONKEY'S INSTINCT

Two brothers, Englishmen, were once travelling on foot from Dondra Head, the southern extremity of the island of Ceylon, towards Candy, in the interior, about one hundred and twenty miles northward. They started upon their journey very early in the morning, and expected to accomplish it in three or four days, though, as the sun is so exceedingly warm in that country, they intended to rest during the heat of the day under the shade of the many broad-leaved palm-trees that grew by the side of the road.

They had travelled some distance when the younger stopped, and, gazing inquiringly around, said, "I surely heard a cry, Robert, as if some one was hurt. Let us look and see what it can be," he added, as a low moan now distinctly reached their ears. It proceeded from a group of cocoanut trees, that grew on their right hand.

The brothers sprang hastily but cautiously forward, and searched carefully around, till at last the elder exclaimed, laughing, "Here it is, Arthur; come and see;" and, as his brother turned towards him, he pointed to a monkey, who, having fallen from one of the branches of the fruit-tree, had hurt himself very severely.

"Poor fellow!" said Arthur; and, taking him up, he tore a strip from his handkerchief, and bound the wounded limb, and then turned to resume his journey with the monkey in his arms. "You surely," said Robert, "do not intend to take that disgusting animal as your companion to Candy?"

"Do you think," replied Arthur, "that I would leave this poor helpless creature to die of his wound? No; he shall be my companion until he is cured, and then he may return, as soon as he likes, to his home in the forest."

The two brothers travelled on their way, though the elder could not sometimes refrain from joking the other about his *companion*. They had journeyed two days, and were about half way from the place of their destination, when the heat became exceedingly oppressive, and the numerous springs which had hitherto flowed along the side of the road became dried up, and they began to suffer from the want of water. Their strength was failing; they felt as if they could proceed no further; and, on the morning of the fourth day, when about thirty miles from Candy, both brothers sunk down at the foot of a palm-tree, exhausted and parched with thirst.

"Must we die here?" exclaimed Robert, with a groan.

"Trust in God," replied Arthur, raising his eyes towards heaven.

Suddenly the monkey, who was resting by his side, sprung up and ran eagerly along the road, as if he were searching for something. "How strangely he acts!" said the young man, "what can he have found?" And, summoning all his strength, he arose and followed the animal.

When he reached the spot, what met his delighted eyes? There, growing in luxuriant abundance, was the silky, downy pitcher-plant, or monk-key-cup, so called on account of its being sought after by those animals for the purpose of quenching their thirst. The flower is in the shape of a cup, about six inches in length, and one and a half in diameter; it has a lid, which opens and shuts with the changes of the weather, and is filled with pure water, a secretion from the plant.

The two brothers drank of the water, and were refreshed; and when they at last reached their home, they related to their astonished friends how the monkey had been the means of saving their lives. "Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all."

CHILDREN WISER THAN PARENTS IN THEIR OWN OPINION.

[From the "New York Observer,"]

As parents advance in years, children growing older and wiser at the same time, are often led to forget that their parents still regard them as children, and expect the same deference which they received in former years. To render this respect after one has grown up and has begun to look for respect from others, requires a watchful guard over one's heart and lips. Children are in haste to set up for themselves; to have their own way in everything; and they often think it a great hardship that their parents will insist upon being the judges of what is best for them to have or do. The daughter just blooming into youth, but still dependent on her parents, tosses her head, pouts and frowns when her judicious mother restrains her passion for dress or amusement. The little lady has already begun to feel that all her mother's notions are old-fashioned, and that what might have been very proper and becoming when her mother was a child, is no standard for the present day. She would dress as she pleases. She would go into society when she pleases. She would choose her own companions and her own places of visiting, being well satisfied that she is quite old enough and wise enough to judge of all these matters for herself. Such little young ladies are to be seen in every circle, and happy is that family where there is not one of them. And this disregard of maternal counsel and care has been the beginning of sorrow in thousands of houses where a wilful, headstrong, and disobedient daughter has at last broken a mother's heart, and brought shame upon her fathers name.

Even more common is it to see this early restlessness under restraint on the part of the son. A boy just entering his teens or in the midst of his youth, feels a pride in regulating his own conduct without regard to the commands or the wishes of his parents. He begins a course of disobedience in secret; indulging in habits which, if they are not in themselves sinful, are offensive to the wishes of his too confiding father. A habit of concealment, even in little things, leads him to feel that he may without fear of detection indulge in those things which he knows to be wrong, and that he would never have allowed himself in, had he kept the fear of God before his eyes. Thus in the

very morning of his life he lays the foundation for a bad character, and contracts those habits which may adhere to him for ever. Little did he imagine, when first casting off the reverence he felt in childhood, that he was at the same time fitting himself for a life of disobedience and crime, and for a death of misery and shame. In the case of such a son and such a daughter is fulfilled that fearful sentence:—

"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

THE TWO PICTURES.

At the late Sunday School Union Meeting in Exeter Hall, Rev. Dr. Reed said:—

"I remember hearing of a painter who had drawn a picture of innocence. He had taken for its type a beautiful smiling boy, kneeling on a stool in the act of praying near the lap of his mother—health upon the cheeks, freshness in the whole countenance, a fearless glance of the eye, love of his mother, and something beyond; everything, in short, indicating that which the painter wished to describe, the simple freshness and joy of innocence. Now, it so happened that the artist wanted a fellow to this painting. He wanted a picture of guilt, and for a long time he sought in vain that which should convey its full purport, wretchedness. At length some friend told him that in prison not far off he might find the object that he desired. He went there; he entered a cold dungeon. A few rays of light streaming through a grated window revealed to him a wretched object on the floor, broken down with crime and sensuality; the cheeks hollowed by disease and misery; the eye lustreless and averted from every spectator (it was the aversion of shame); and everything indicating the deepest distress. There the artist had a picture of guilt. He painted it; and when he had done this, he thought he would place the two pictures side by side in the dungeon, that he might see the effect of the contrast. He did so; and no sooner had he placed the pictures there, than that poor wretched creature clasped his hands together and began to weep bitterly. 'It is my mother!' he exclaimed. It was the same individual. The picture of innocence, and the picture of wretchedness, depravity, and guilt was actually the very same person in different stages of life. Oh! should you ever meet one of your dear little charges in some miserable hovel or dungeon, exhibiting the very reverse of his present smiling joyousness and innocence, how will you look back, and regret that at the time when he was under your care you did not strive more earnestly, and were not permitted more successfully to minister to him the blessed tidings of salvation!"

VAIN EXPECTATIONS.—If you should see a man digging in a snow-drift with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting seeds on the rolling billows, you would say at once that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections, and holy principles?

A LITTLE girl of five years old once said to her mother, "Do you know when I feel the happiest?" Her mother answered, "I suppose when you are good."

"No," said she, "but when I feel very sorry for having been naughty, and God has forgiven me."

How sweet is it to be forgiven!

Varieties.

THE COUNTENANCE AND THE MENTAL EMOTIONS.—The emotions that thrill in the heart mark themselves in legible lines on the countenance. This is a feature in the constitution of man, and a useful feature it is. The wisdom of our Maker may be seen in the degree of its development. If there had been more of it or less, the processes of human life could not have gone on so well. If the hopes and fears that alternate in the soul were as completely hidden from the view of an observer as the action of the vital organs within the body, the intercourse between man and man would be far less kindly than it now is. How blank would the aspect of the world be if no image of a man's thought could ever be seen glancing in his countenance! Our walk through life would be like a solitary march through a gallery of statues—as cold as marble, and not nearly so beautiful. On the other hand, if all the meaning of the soul could be read in the countenance, the inconvenience would be so great as to bring the machinery of life almost to a stand-still. Society could not go on if either all the mind's thoughts or none were legible on the countenance. That medium which actually exists in the present constitution of humanity is obviously the best. You have some power of concealing your emotions, and your neighbour has some power of observing them. He who made us has done all things well. Great purposes in Providence are served by this arrangement. If the veil which hangs between the outer world and our hearts' emotions were altogether opaque, we would be too much isolated from our neighbours: if it were perfectly transparent, we would be too much in their power. The soul within is a burning light, sometimes bright and sometimes lurid: the countenance is a semi-transparent shade, through which the cast and colouring of the inner thought can be seen, but not its articulate details. A happy heart beaming through a guileless countenance is the best style of beauty. It is pleasant to look upon in the spring-time, and does not wither in the winter of age.—*Arnold's "Laws from Heaven for Life Earth."*

A RUSSIAN CHURCH.—The consecration of the Church of St. Isaac at St. Petersburg took place on the 10th of June. The pageants and processions were grand; and good seats, at a window favourably situated, were paid for as high as 150 silver roubles each. "Mixing with the thousands who wonder at the splendour of this gorgeous temple, our eyes," says a correspondent of the "Athenæum," "are dazzled with the profusion of barbaric pearl and gold they meet at every glance. We see no wood except in the doors; all the rest is granite, Carrara marble, iron, porphyry, malachite, alabaster, lapis lazuli, bronze, silver, and gold. Even the lightning conductors are of platinum. The five crosses, as well as the cupola of the building, are gilt with a mass of 274 pounds of gold, and are seen glittering at a distance of 40 wersts from St. Petersburg. One of the bells weighs 75,000lbs. One hundred and twelve granite columns, with Corinthian capitals, surround the building. They are each 56 feet high, and seven feet in diameter at the base. Each is considered to be of a value of £1800 English money. The cost of the whole magnificent building is reckoned—though this is probably a gross exaggeration—at £13,500,000. The interior—comprising a space of 60,000 square feet, and taken up neither by seats nor by organs (in the place of the organ there is a choir of 1000 men's voices)—is very imposing. The St. Isaac's Church has been 39 years building. The aged, but still very active architect, M. Montferrat (who, at the consecration, followed in the Emperor's procession), has received a present of 40,000 silver roubles, besides a pension of 500 silver roubles annually, which will also be paid to his widow, a picture of the cathedral worked in gold and set with diamonds, and, lastly, the rank of a real Councillor of State."

THE OBJECT OF TAKING A WALK.—O deluded and misguided individual! the walking powers are meant to carry yourself—not only your corporeal body—into other scenes, to give a fresh current to your thoughts, and to give your brain an airing as well as your nose. The mind requires variety in its food, as does the body, and to obtain

that change of nutriment is the proper object of taking a walk. That a rational being can condemn himself to walk three miles along a turnpike road and three miles back again, at one uniform pace, his eyes directed straight ahead, and his thoughts at home with his books, seems incredible to ordinary personages. Yet such British fakirs may be seen daily in all weathers, on the roads leading from university towns, going at the rate of four miles per hour, their hats tilted towards the back of their heads, their bodies inclining forward at an angle of 80 degrees, their lips muttering polysyllabic language, and their eyes as beaming as those of a boiled cod-fish. Now the real use of taking a walk is to get away from one's self, and to change the current of the thoughts for awhile, by changing the locality of the individual. In order so to do, he should cast his senses abroad, instead of concentrating them all within himself; and from sky, air, water, and earth draw a new succession of images wherewith to relieve the monotony within.

ONE CAUSE OF NERVOUS DISORDERS.—Many inquiries have been made why nervous disorders are much more common among us than among our ancestors. Other causes may frequently concur, but the chief is, we lie longer in bed. Instead of rising at four, most of us, who are not obliged to work for our bread, lie till seven, eight, or nine. We need inquire no further; this sufficiently accounts for the large increase of these painful disorders. It may be observed that most of these arise, not barely from sleeping too long, but even from what we imagine to be quite harmless, the lying too long in bed. By *soaking* (as it is emphatically called) so long between warm sheets, the flesh is, as it were, parboiled, and becomes soft and flabby. The nerves, in the mean time, are quite unstrung, and all the train of melancholy symptoms, faintness, tremors, lowness of spirits, so called, come on, till life itself is a burden.

MIRTH A MEDICINE.—I know of nothing equal to a cheerful and even mirthful conversation for restoring the tone of mind and body, when both have been overdone. Some great and good men, on whom very heavy cares and toils have been laid, manifest a constitutional tendency to relax into mirth when their work is over. Narrow minds denounce the incongruity; large hearts own God's goodness in the fact, and rejoice in the wise provision made for prolonging useful lives. Mirth, after exhaustive toil, is one of nature's instinctive efforts to heal the part which has been racked or bruised. You cannot too sternly reprobate a frivolous life; but if the life be earnest for God or man, with here and there a layer of mirthfulness protruding, a soft bedding to receive heavy cares, which otherwise would crush the spirit, to snarl against the sports of mirth may be the easy and useless occupation of a small man, who cannot take in at one view the whole circumference of a large one.—*Arnold.*

ALLEGED PHYSICAL DEGENERACY OF MODERNS.—It has been found that most of the ancient armour is too small for men of the present generation. We have not degenerated in size, at least, from our ancestors. At the Eglinton tournament, it is well known, the hammers were busy, not in "closing rivets up," but in widening coats of steel and plate mail for legs and arms. The Manchester Exhibition also gave evidence of the fact here stated. Our chiefs of old could not command many luxuries, and by riding and fighting hard were little else than bone and muscle, and high spirit.—*Inverness Courier.*

RE-UNION IN HEAVEN.—I am fully persuaded that I shall love my friends in heaven, and therefore know them; and this principle binds me to them on earth. If I thought I should never know them more, nor therefore love them after death, I should love them comparatively little now, as I do all other transitory things.—*Baxter.*

MOTHER!—The Emperor of China, on certain days of the year, pays a visit to his mother, who is seated on a throne to receive him; and four times on his feet, and as often on his knees, he makes her a profound obeisance, bowing his head even to the ground.—*Dodd.*